Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more will I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army staies vpon your presence.
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick?*
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,

We would not die in that mans c
That feares his fellowship to die
This day is called the day of Cry
He that outliues this day, and see
Shall stand a tiptoe when this da
And rouse him at the name of C
He that outliues this day, and co
Shall yearely on the vygill feast h
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspin
Then shall we in their flowing b
Be newly remembred. *Harry* th
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and
Warwick and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as hous
This story shall the good man te
And from this day, vnto the gen
But we in it shall be remembred
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bo
For he to day that sheads his bloo
Shalbe my brother: be he nere s
This day shall gentle his conditi
Then shall he strip his sleeues, an
And say, these wounds I had on
And Gentlemen in England no
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape
While any speake that fought w
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
King. Why all things are ready, if
War. Perish the man whose m
King. Thou dost not wish mor
War. Gods will my Liege, wo
Without more helpe, might figh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)